Dreams and Metal Birds

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Dreams and Metal Birds

by NN04

Summary

My eyes went wide. The shapes… the silhouette… It was unmistakable.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Italics are thoughts.

Darkness. That is all I could see.

I did not know where I was. I did not remember for how long, or why. Could have been hours.

I was flying an aircraft. All controls and gauges except for the ones necessary for navigation appeared functional.

My airspeed indicator displayed Mach two.

No sense of position or direction. No stars to help navigate. No moon to light up the sky. What am I to do except continue?

After what felt like hours of flying around aimlessly, I finally saw something.

Flashes in front of me. Lightning. At least there was some light to interrupt the darkness.

A flash to the right. A brief glance.

My head snapped back as my brain processed what I had seen.

Something beside me. Matching me in speed.

My eyes went wide. The shapes… the silhouette… It was unmistakable. There was no other aircraft on the planet that looked like that.

I shook my head. That… that is not possible.

Flying off my wing was an SR-71… a Blackbird.

I realized that my airspeed indicator wasn't broken, it just simply could not display a higher speed. But my plane could not reach Mach three and there were no flying Blackbirds left. Most alarming of all, this one appeared to be made of mist. A white outline of the famous aircraft.

For a few seconds, I felt fear. I had well and truly seen a ghost.

I jumped then. *"How did I know how fast my plane could go?"*

"This is not real. I am dreaming. I have to be."

I shut my eyes tight.

“Wake up,” I whispered to myself. “Wake up. Wake up!”

New sounds and smells assaulted my senses and I opened my eyes.

Daylight. I looked to where the Blackbird used to be.

A bright wall of red, orange, and yellow swirled about. It was like staring at a dragon’s breath.

Fire.

I looked up and saw the world spinning. It was slow; three to five second intervals. Sky. Earth. Sky. Earth. Sky. Earth.

I concluded that I was in a plane. I looked down at the controls. The same one from my dream.

Except this time, I was going down. My right engine was on fire.

Was I still dreaming? Did I escape that sort of purgatory only to be transported to another?

But what if I truly did wake up? What if I was no longer in a dream? The ground was getting closer. Time to make a decision.

I grabbed the stick. The plane responded well to my input, the roll gently stopping.

Still in a shallow dive. But if the ailerons were responding, what is to say the tail couldn’t do the same?

Gripping the stick tighter and with purpose, I pulled back.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Italics are thoughts.

My partner and I soared through the air, faster than the blink of an eye.

We had finally achieved our goal. The building of a non-military, single-seater jet capable of Mach three.

Other than the astronauts on the International Space Station, we were currently the fastest human beings alive.

Final testing was underway. It was just us and clear blue skies.

No dreams or dark voids this time.

My partner did not see the flash. I wondered if he even could have.

Still, as I looked off my left wing, I could see the ghostly outline of a Blackbird.

"Why did you visit me again?" I wondered.

I did not feel any disbelief or fear this time. Only… acceptance?

As I meditated on this realization, the apparition slowly faded into nothing.

What was the meaning of all this? Why did this happen?

A call to change course from my partner.

I gave a slight nod to where my impossibility used to be before turning my aircraft in the opposite direction.

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